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OF
Mr. John Philips.



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THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

VIZ.

- I, The *Splendid Shilling* ; in Imitation of MILTON.
- II. BLEINHEIM, a Poem. Inscib'd to the Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Esq;
- III. CYDER, a Poem. In Two Books.
- IV. ODE, ad *Henricum St. John*, Armig.

To which is prefix'd,
His LIFE and CHARACTER.

L O N D O N :

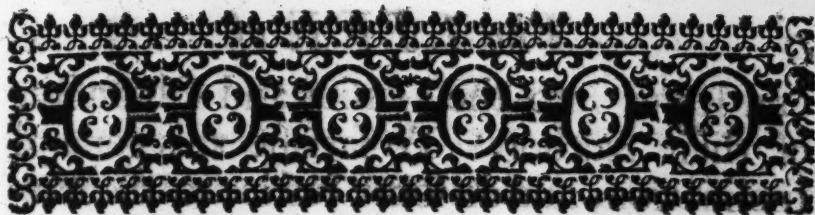
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- I. The *Spoken* in imitation of
II. *Spoken* in imitation of the
III. *Spoken* in two books
IV. *Spoken* in two books

THE LIFE and CHARACTER

LONDON:
Printed, and Sold by E. Gifford, at the Bell and Bible
in St. Paul's Church-yard in 1712.



THE
L I F E
A N D
C H A R A C T E R
O F
Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and

The LIFE of

and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy this general Inclination, and do some Justice to the Memory of Mr. PHILIPS, we shall give the World a short Account of him; and his Few, but Excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

He was the Son of Dr. STEPHEN PHILIPS, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, December the 30th, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was sent to *Winchester* School, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was soon distinguish'd for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies; which he discover'd in the best Classical Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was remov'd to *Christ Church* in *Oxford*. From his first Entrance into that University he was very much esteem'd for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Geni^{us}. All his Univer-

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ty Exercises were receiv'd with Applause, and in that Place so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he in a short time grew to be Superiour to most of his Contemporaries, where to have been their Equal only, had been a sufficient Praise: There it was that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with MILTON, whom he studied with Application, and trac'd him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Poem* *, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of HOMER or VIRGIL, which he could not immediately refer to, and by that, He perceiv'd what a peculiar Life, and Grace their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images rais'd its Spirit, and what Weight, and Beauty their Words when translated gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force, and Elegancy of his Mother Tongue, but by the Example of his darling MILTON search'd backwards into the Works of our old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expres-

* *Paradise lost.*

sions, and prove the due Extent, and Compass of the Language. For this purpose he carefully read over CHAUCER, SPENCER and others, and afterwards in his Writings did not scruple to revive any Words, or Phrases, which he thought deserv'd it, with that modest Liberty which HORACE allows of, either in the Coining of new, or restoring of ancient Expressions. Yet tho' he was a profess Admirer of these Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in publick, for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it; He read for his own Pleasure, and Writing was the only thing he declin'd, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius excited him to pursue. He was very well vers'd in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy, and seem'd in his Studies as well as his Writings to have made VIRGIL his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wish*,

* Georg. lib. 2.

*Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd
(Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can*

Benefit Human Race :———

And we have good Reason to believe that much might have been attain'd to, many new Discoveries made by so diligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that kind which we find in his Poem on CYDER, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes; Beside this he was particularly skill'd in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country, and part of this too, he has with much Art and Beauty intermix'd with his Poetry.

As to his private Character, he was belov'd by all that knew him, and admir'd by those who did not, somewhat reserv'd, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easie with his Friends; The first was the Effect of his Modesty, the latter, of his cheerful Innocence; the
one

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one was the proper Caution of a wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes, and thought no time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill us'd, as that which was employ'd in such Debates; Thus he never contributed to the Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand he declin'd all Strokes of *Satire*, so on the other, he detested Flattery as much, and I believe would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity indeed was his distinguishing Character, and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

Upon all these Accounts during his Stay in the University, he was honour'd with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it, many of whom who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Disgrace to have their Names mention'd as Mr. PHILIPS's Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted

with Mr. EDMUND SMITH, Author of that incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and who upon his Decease celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem, and soon after follow'd him to the Grave. These two often communicated their Thoughts to each other, and as their Studies lay the same way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserv'd Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This we make no doubt was as pleasant as any part of Mr. PHILIPS's Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, virtuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure Mr. SMITH in his Poem *, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it,

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in Dispute,

Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?

* To the Memory of Mr. Philips.

To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,

Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?

Oh! in that Heav'nly Touth for ever ends

The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.

It is to be deplored indeed that two Great Genius's, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it, tho' had their Date been much longer, we can hardly say that Time would have added any Thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their kind, the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauch'd and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and consider'd before they sat down to write, and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well, and even then perhaps more in Compliment

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ment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his University-Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an Equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town was the Persuasion of some Great Persons who engag'd him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*, and how well their Expectations were answer'd, it will be more proper to mention, when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe that that POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with Two * of the most Eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appear'd in our Age; The one famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning: The other distinguish'd for the different Talents of a Refin'd and Polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, join'd with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

* *Earl of Oxford, and the Earl of Bolingbroke.*

However tho' he was much respected by these and other noble Patrons, yet from the modest Distrust he entertain'd of himself, it was not without some Pain that he enjoy'd their Company, and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of pleasing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceiv'd of his own good Qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his Virtues were no greater, he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that Ornamental Light which they deserv'd. I speak this only with respect to his Conversation with his Superiours, who knowing his true Worth, were more pleas'd with his Endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great against his Wit, so neither did his unsollicitous Easiness in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a sordid View, nor ever sacrific'd his Sincerity to his Interest, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious; and as he gave his Characters

acters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, He observ'd at the same time the Fidelity of an *Historian*. This indeed was a part which distinguish'd him as much from almost all other Poets as his manner of Writing did, he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of the way for a Panegyrick, or forc'd his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a piece with the Poem. If it be reckon'd difficult to praise well, for our Author not to err in such a Variety is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing Gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner, and all the Lineaments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may at first View discover who sat for the Picture.

From this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular, of which
it

it is to be wish'd there were a larger as well as a better than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an Eminent Preacher, who out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevail'd upon to print but one Sermon, (the best perhaps that ever past the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK'S WORKS. The same with much Justice may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has publish'd, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse, and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling*, a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his way of adorning it was, and which in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* *; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations, the Sen-

* See, *The Tatler*, N^o. 250.

fiments and Style being in this both new, whereas in those the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it we are betray'd into a Pleasure that we could not expect, tho' at the same time the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

In her best Light the Comick Muse appears,

*When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin
(wears *.*

This was the first Piece that made him known to the World, and tho' printed

* See, Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mention'd.

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from an incorrect Copy, gain'd him an universal Applause, and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many Imitators to work, yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A Genuine Edition of it came out some Years after, for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he receiv'd from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that entitled BLEINHEIM, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style, as properly on a serious and Heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light, and ludicrous Nature. We have said before at whose Request this was wrote, tho' he would willingly have declin'd that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitement of his Friends prevail'd upon him to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be VIRGIL'S) and that of SPENCER'S *Fairie Queen*.

*From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling
 (Muse
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of Britain's Hero; —————*

The Spirit is kept on the same to the End, the whole being full of noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols, and not admitting of any Rival, except one * on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of VIRGIL in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous—— *Tu Marcellus eris*—— is so happily translated and applied, that it shows the Spirit of VIRGIL better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There speaking of the late Marquis of BLANDFORD, he says,

*Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst CHURCHILL be!*

* Mr. Addison's Campaign.

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The Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial, the first just and proper, and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite Part of Mankind agree in applying that of the *Roman*,

—————*Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his CYDER, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem of that length extant in our Language, the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country, and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius, and Art to make it compleat. It is founded upon the Model of VIRGIL'S *Georgicks*, and comes the nearest of any other to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult way, we may observe that he comes after rather like a Pursuer than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but
chu-

chusing those Paths in which he might
 easiest overtake him. All his Imitations
 are far from being servile, tho' sometimes
 very close, at other times he brings in a
 new Variety, and entertains us with
 Scenes more unexpected and pleasing per-
 haps than his Master's themselves were
 to those who first saw that Work. The
 Conduct and Management are Superiour
 to all other Copyers of that Original, and
 even the admir'd RAPIN is much below
 him, both in Design and Success, for the
Frenchman either fills his *Gardens* with
 the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new
 Transformations of his own, and has in
 Contradiction to his own Rules of Cri-
 ticism, injudiciously blended the serious
 and sublime Style of VIRGIL, with the
 elegant Turns of OVID in his *Metamor-
 phosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr.
 COWLEY succeeded better in his Books of
Plants, who besides the same Faults with
 the former, is continually varying his
 Numbers from one sort of Verse to ano-
 ther, and alluding to remote Hints of
 Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd
 to be useful, are yet so numerous, that
 they flatten the Dignity of the Verse,
 and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of
Physick. It is not out of Envy to the Me-
 rit

rit of these great Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who follow'd them in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with appear delicate and charming, the Philosophical touches Surprize, the Moral instruct, and the gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth, at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature, and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husband-man, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and States-men, to raise, and enoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons and their Distinctions introduc'd by the rising and setting of the Stars; the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very Ornamental, and their

The LIFE of
their Descriptions inferiour only to those
of VIRGIL.

It would be difficult as well as useless to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mention'd *Poet*; Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure, and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the illiterate; To the one it would be a sort of an Affront, to the other but an insipid Entertainment. MILTON we are inform'd could repeat the best part of HOMER, and the Person of whom we write could do the same of VIRGIL, and by continually reading him fortunately equal'd the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, since then it must have lost half its Beauties, it being impossible but that the same undistinguishable Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against *Rhyme*, even they who us'd it with the greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant to what

a height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*, yet this has been in much shorter Poems than the present, and I doubt not but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side; It is true, Mr. DRYDEN thought that MILTON's Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *Rhyme* well, and as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice, it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

However we leave this Question to be decided by those whose Studies and Designs to excel in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry; for my part I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. PHILIPS, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to VIRGIL, that he has not compos'd *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to pursue, and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient.

D

Man

Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether VIRGIL could not have writ bitter *Satires*, or HORACE a good *Epick Poem*.

But to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are receiv'd, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments shine in Verse: there are hardly any of those which in the *Latin* Tongue are not in themselves beautiful and expressive, and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice that the two Books are address'd to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say that they were Mr. PHILIPS'S Friends and Favourers, and whose Characters without the Help of a weaker Hand will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece receiv'd after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Noble-man of FLORENCE, an Order which the great BOILEAU * was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtain'd, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which Mr. SMITH † gives this Passage in the following Verses,

Honour

*See mighty COSMO'S Counsellor and Friend,
By turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend;
Rich in the Coins and Busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;*

* *Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.*

† See, Mr. Smith's Poem.

*In them he views her Gods, and Domes
 (design'd,
 In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL'S
 (mighty Mind:
 To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
 Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

All that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin ODE*, inscrib'd to the Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq; the Style of which is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admir'd VIRGIL.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinc'd that these are all which he finish'd

nish'd, and it would be an Injury to his
 Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches
 which he never design'd for the Public.
 It might perhaps please some to see the
 first Essays of a great Genius, but con-
 sidering how apt we are to impose upon
 our selves and others in Matters of that
 kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputati-
 on of the Writer for the Fancy of the
 Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some
 Men have delighted in of informing the
 World how young they were when they
 compos'd some particular Pieces, if they
 are not good 'tis no matter at what Age
 they were wrote; and if they are, it is a
 great Chance if they proceed, if they do
 not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in re-
 spect of our Author's farther Designs, on-
 ly that we are assur'd by his Friends that
 he intended to write a *Poem* upon the
Resurrection, and the *Day of Judgment*,
 in which it is probable he would not only
 have exceeded all other, but even his own
 Performances. That Subject indeed was
 only proper to be treated of in that solemn
 Style which he makes use of, and by one
 whose just Notions of Religion, and true
 Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his
 Reader

Reader without a wild Enthusiasm—
 —*Extra flammantia Mania Mundi**. MIL-
 TON has given a few fine Touches upon the
 same, but still there remains an inexhaus-
 tible Store of Materials to be drawn from
 the Prophets, the Psalmist, and the other
Inspir'd Writers, which in his Poetical
 Dress might without the false Boasting of
 old Poets have endur'd to the Day that it
 describ'd. The meanest Soul, and the
 lowest Imagination cannot think of that
 time, and the Descriptions we meet with
 of it in *Holy Writ* without the greatest
 Emotion, and the deepest Impression,
 what then might we not expect from the
 believing Heart of a good Man, and the
 regulated Flights and Raptures of an ex-
 cellent Christian Poet? His *Friend* † seems
 to be of the same Opinion, and as he was
 a better Judge of the Scheme which he
 had laid down, and probably had seen the
 first Rudiments of his Design, we shall
 finish this Head, with his Verses on that
 Occasion:

* Lucretius, lib. 1. † Mr. Smith, in his Poem.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his
(Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Days,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant
(spread ;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions)
(show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Ven-
(geance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl
(below :)
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Those who have had either any Know-
 ledge of his Person, or Relish of his Com-
 positions, will easily agree in the Judg-
 ment here given, as the Generality of
 Men of Sense and Learning, have alrea-
 dy done in respect of those which he
 liv'd to publish. For my part I never
 heard but of one *, who took it in his

* Sir R——d B——e,

Head to censure his Writings, and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that he has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflection. It were easie to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, by comparing them with the Crudities of his First. That *Satire* upon our Author, has with its other Brethren been dead long since, and I believe the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a Work * of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was distinguish'd by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observ'd the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society, and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without, even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect.

* *His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips.*

Thus

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 29

Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Virtues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind, insomuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betray'd any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits; and if his Friends had measur'd their hopes of his Life, only by his Unconcern'dness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepar'd for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*, and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, remov'd to the *Bath*, where although he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty (by whom he was generally belov'd) he only got some present Ease, and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery, and upon the Return of his Distempers he died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* ensuing, *Ann. 1708.*

He was interr'd in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*, and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

(30)

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno } Dom. 1708.
 } Ætat. suæ 32.

Cusus

*Offa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonasteriense,
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat*

Inscriptio.

*Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum*

*A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissima,
Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lachrymis dicatum.*

The Monument referr'd to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of CHAUCER and DRAYTON, and was Erected to his Memory by Sir SIMON HARCOURT, the Present Lord Keeper, an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. FREIND, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

Here

*Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama*

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

*Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortalè suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,
Eximiâ morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.*

*Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum Domicilio
Præclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo didicerat.*

*Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi,
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri :*

*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoq; pæne Par.*

*Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & affecutus est,
Egregius, quocunq; Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.*

*Fas sit Huic,
Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere
O Poesis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor CHAUCER
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undiq; stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.*

SIMON

SIMON HARCOURT *Miles,*
Viri benè de se, deque Literis meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Post Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS STEPHANI S. T. P. Archidi-
achoni *Salop*, Filius natus est *Bamptoniæ*
in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30. 1676.
Obiit *Herefordiæ*, Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much we thought proper to speak
of the *Life* and *Character* of Mr. PHILIPS,
following Truth in every part, and en-
deavouring to make both Him, and his
Writings an Example to others; or if that
cannot be attain'd through our own De-
fect, at least to show that a *Good Poet* and
a *Good Man* are not Names always In-
consistent.

ODE,

SIMON LARCOU

of the ...

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J. ...

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O D E,

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig.

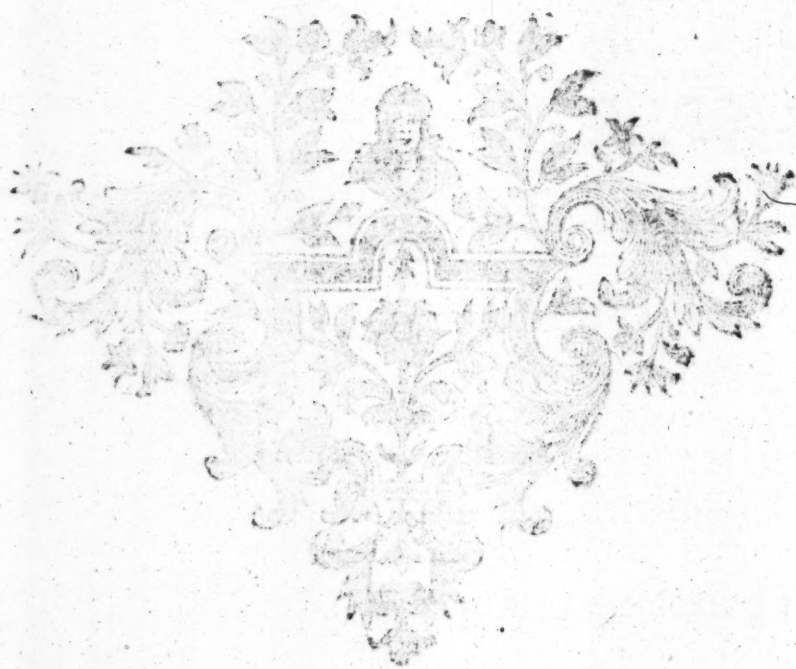


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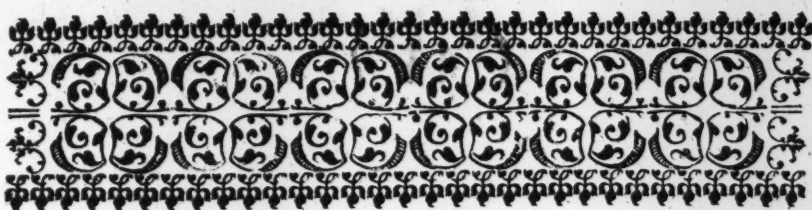
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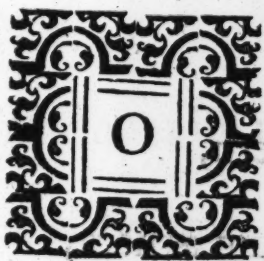
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O D E,

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig.



Qui recisæ finibus Indicis

Benignus Herbæ, das mihi

divitem

Haurire succum, & suaveolentes

Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos ;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum

Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,

Dulcem elaborant cui saporem

Hesperii, prætiúmque, Soles :

F 2

Ecquid

Ecquid reponam muneris, omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum,

Pimplæa, Carmen, desidēsque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniiformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venufinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu Puerum trucem
Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

At

At non Lyai vis generosior

Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum

Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chia

Munera, lætiámque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium

Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior,

Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas

Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera

Gratus recordor, Mercurialium

Princeps Virorum ! & ipse Musæ

Cultor, & usque colende Musis !

Sed

At

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægre spiritus, ilia

Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus,

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, Tuæque

Lenis opem ferat haustus Uva.

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis

Libo salutem ; quin precor, Optima

Ut usque Conjux sospitetur,

Perpetuo recreans amore

Te

Te consulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum. Maeste! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium

O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!

Tu forte felix; me *Maria*

Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens

Obliqua vultu per medium jecur

Trajecit, atque excussit omnes

Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc,

Hanc, ulla mentis spes mihi mutua

Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil

Suspiro; nec jam Vina somnos

Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

FINIS

Bleinheim,

A

POEM.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;



L O N D O N :

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster*, 1709.

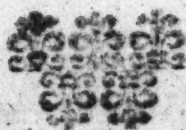
Bleinnheim,

A

P O E M.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARTLEY, Esq.



L O N D O N :

Printed by A. KILLS, and sold by the Booksellers
of London and Westminster, 1792.



Bleinheim,

A P O E M.

From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms;
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of *Britain's* Heroe; may the Verse not sink
 beneath His Merits, but detain a while
 thy Ear, O *HARLER*, (tho' thy Country's Weal
 depends on Thee, tho' Mighty *ANNE* requires
 thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art
 thy self adorn'd, the mean Effays of Youth
 thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 the willing Genius to the Muses Seat:
 therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
 larg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
 opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 erst *Sesostri*, (proud *Egyptian* King,
 at Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
 and Servitude) and his dethron'd Compeers
 sit furious, (they in sullen Majesty
 view the uneasie Load) Nor less he aim'd
 Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM's* Arm

Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores:
 So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreame
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristin Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,
 And other Climes, where different Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement. *GODOLPHIN*, Wise, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The Best of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
 To Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *CHURCHILL*, at thy wisht Appro
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Chee
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice

What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the clifly Height
 Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
 Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
 How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
 Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
 Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
 Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
 Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
 And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fond studious of Increase,
 Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
 Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
 Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursling Grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster Earth:
 But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
 It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
 In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
 Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
 And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
 Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
 To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
 A just Supply of alimental Streams,
 Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
 Th'autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
 When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men.
 Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
 To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
 Of woven Arborers, and oft the Rills.

Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
 Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
 Then wo to Mortals! *Titan* then exerts
 His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys;
 Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
 Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
 To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
 Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and Worth,
 O fairest St. *John*!) left this toilsome World
 In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year;
 Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
 Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
 Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
 To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
 The Annals trace, and Image to thy Mind,
 How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf'd
 By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
 Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
 Victorious, this our other World subdu'd,
 A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
 Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
 Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
 Of Kings and Heroes resolute in War,
 Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroul'd, and free,
 'Till all subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.

Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submit,
 She undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
 Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
 A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
 Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands
 Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
 Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
 Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
 His wonted Show'rs; and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
 Solstitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
 The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
 Sulphur, and nitrons Spume, enkindling fierce,
 Bellow'd within their darksom Caves, by far
 More dismal than the loud disploded Roar
 Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
 The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
 Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
 Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
 Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
 Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
 Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
 Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
 Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
 And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
 Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
 Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
 And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
 Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
 Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
 Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
 Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood
 Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells

Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
 Despair, of their abject Look : At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way ; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps ; to and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine ; when lo !
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Casm, profound ! with swift Descent
 Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
 Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds ; 'till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone ; nor is there found a Mark,
 Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains
 Of that Gigantic Race, which as he breaks
 The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 She whilome stood ; now *Ceras*, in her Prime,
 Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-Fathers Blood
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 Urging her destin'd Labours to persue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and Aversion :) Everlasting Hate
 The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
 The *Colewort's* Rankness ; but with amorous Twine,
 Clasps the tall *Elm* : The *Pastan Rose* unfolds
 Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
 (Crest of stout *Britons*;) and inhances thence

The Price of her celestial Scent : The *Gourd*,
 And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
 Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
 Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting Contact ; whilst the *Fig*
 Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
 Close Neighbouring ; The *Herefordian* Plant
 Careless freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
 T'approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem ;
 Uneasie, seated by funeral *Yew*,
 Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
 All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
 Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
 Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Grass. [froth ?
 Wouldst thou, thy Vats with generous Juice should
 Respect thy Orchards ; think not, that the Trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesom Draught.
 Let Art correct thy Breed : from Parent Bough
 A Cyon meetly sever ; after, force
 A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
 By Wedges, and within the living Wound
 Enclose the Foster Twig ; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
 The binding Clay : E're-long their differing Veins
 Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
 To the new Pupil ; now shoots his Arms
 With quickest Growth ; now shake the teeming Trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
 Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
 It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
 Of *Cyder*-Plants finds Passage free, or else
 The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
 Thro' th' infix'd Grass, a grateful Mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the Cause,
 This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes

Expected

Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
In happy Union ; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peach*'s odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of fundry Forms ; at different times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace ;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of parti-colour'd-Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse ! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful : Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts ; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night : Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,
How under Ground the rude *Riphaean* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild ;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servus*' hardest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing ; when to lop
The flowing Branches ; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel : She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare ; by Her
The different Qualities of things were found ,
And secret Motions ; how with heavy Bulk

Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
 Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe
 The *Indian Weed*, unknown to ancient Times,
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
 The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts;
 Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
 It gently mitigates, Companion fit
 Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
 She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
 Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
 The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
 Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life
 The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how
 Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
 Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways
 Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames
 All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
 Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!
 Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
 Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads
 Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
 In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
 An inmate Orchard ev'ry Apple boasts.
 Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
 And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
 To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
 Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
 Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
 Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
 Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
 Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
 From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
 Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
 Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
 Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care

Disturbs

Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
 To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
 To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
 Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?
 'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes
 Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
 Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
 Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
 Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
 Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due
 To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
 In barren Twigs, and, for th' expected Crop,
 Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
 And gently harden into Fruit the Wise
 Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
 Redundant: but the thronging Clusters thin
 By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
 Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
 A slender Autum; which the niggard Soul
 Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
 That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
 Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
 And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
 From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
 Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus's* Form
 Avails but little; rather guard each Row
 With the false Terrours of a breathless Kite.
 This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
 Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
 His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
 Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
 They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
 Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout
 The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith
 Alloothy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

Not find him once a baleful Foe : But when,
 Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince ! (no more a Prince) he sees
 Too late his Error, forc'd t'implore Relief
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
 Of Hope, unpity'd ! Thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant Ill-aspiring Heart.

Lo ! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
 Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd ;
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,
 And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
 The Desert wide ; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous ; nor find
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion* ! from the World disjoin'd
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace !
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize
 Thy Welfare ; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gifts,
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
 And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
 Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
 Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
 Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife ;
 From different Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
 Down

Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
 With utmost Hazard to Enthroned their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
 And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious who m
 They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
 'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
 On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
 Hath *EUGENE* caus'd! How many Widows curse
 His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
 Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
 With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
 In Battalious Array, while *Volga's* Stream
 Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
 Her Borders; on mutual Slaughter bent,
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext
 With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
 Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
 Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
 With such sad Privilege, submit Obey
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Reverence due,
 Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure.
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest, prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less
 Of *Europe's* Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st thy *CHURCHILL* go,
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfind; He goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfills,
 In One Great Day, Again Thou giv'st in Charge
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd

Thine ; behold ! with winged Speed He rides
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t' assert
 Thy liquid Kingdoms ; at his near Approach
 The *Gallie* Navies, impotent to bear
 His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dislever'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty **QUEEN**, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace
 The New-born Age ; what Hopes may we conceive
 Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound
Hesperian, *Cypre*, by *Alcides* fixt,
 Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
 Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves !
 Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,
 Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
 Of Leagues and Oaths, this Thy peculiar Praise
 Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
 Of Kings Perfidious ; let them learn from Thee
 That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
 Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.
 Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
 Subduest Regions, Generous to Raise
 The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck.
 The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys
 The Great Advantage ; nought to Thee redounds
 But Satisfaction from Thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious **QUEEN**, since in Thy Realms secure
 Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
 Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe Embroil'd ; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous ; Say Who
 Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
 By Thy Decree ; the trembling Lands shall hear
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scurge should bruise
 Their

Their Stubborn Necks, and *CHURCHILL* in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Teneor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,
By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on *HER* Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
'And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves;
(Sweet Solitude !) where warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Mercurius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in Sublimer Verse
For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn
From Such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.

rat
C Y D E R.

is
R E R. A Y R.
P O E M.

h.
In TWO BOOKS.

;
d
--- *Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.*

d
WITH THE
SPLENDID SHILLING;
PARADISE LOST,
And Two SONGS, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near
the Water-side. 1709.

C Y D E R.

B O O K I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press the Fruits
Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse.

Adventurous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Lays; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.

May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;

Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
 Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
 Invigorating tender Seeds ; whose Breath
 Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
 Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
 Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds :
 But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs
 Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
 Runstrickling ; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
 The Orchards smile ; joyous the Farmers see
 Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
 The Force and Genius of each Soil explore ;
 To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
 Without this necessary Care, in vain
 He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and Invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
 Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
 Of beauteous Form produce ; pleasing to Sight,
 But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
 So Nature has decreed ; so, oft we see
 Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
 Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit ; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors ; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And toss, and turn, and curse th'unwholsome Draught.
 But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select
 For Apples ; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward ; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Overcharg'd, shall burst ; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.

Such is the *Kent-church*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
 Such Thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
 And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
 Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
 To treat of Spoufals : Long connubial Joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty ; but deluded dy'd

In height of Hopes—Oh ! hardest Fate, to fall
 By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
 Of *Marcley-Hill* ; the Apple no where finds
 A kinder Mold : Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful Ground : Who knows but that, once more,
 This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
 Forfaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
 The goodly Plants affording Matter strange
 For Law-Debates ? If, therefore, thou incline
 To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
 Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Success ;
 Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held ;
 If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,
 Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
 Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
 And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy Toil ; the sturdy Pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with roughest Root
 Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made ; nor is there Land,
 But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
 Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
 The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
 Sufficient ; after them the Cackling Goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.

What

The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom ; gladly to thee
 Heroic Laurel'd *EUGENE* yields the Prime,
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho'
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheftan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious ; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,
 Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great *ANNE*
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puiffant Side,
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
 Illustrating the Noble Lift ; Her Hand
 Affures good Omens, and Saint *George's* Worth
 Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits,
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
 Rowl in thy eager Mind ; thy Plumy Crest
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
 Thou walk'ft, and seem'ft already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope
 From thy Atchievements ! yet thou haft furpaft
 Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
 Could fear, or fancy ; they, in Multitude
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
 From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
 jovial his Mate befpoke ; O Friend, observe,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant Force ; how will their Bodies ftrip
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures fate
 Their Maws with full Repaft ! Another, warm'd

With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of *CHURCHILL*, met in Arms ! or if This Hand,
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Grippe,
 Confounded, and appal'd ! no trivial Price
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
 To lead Him shackl'd, and expose to Scorn
 Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
 And Menaces exprest ; nor could their Prince
 In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
 Refrain ; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons* ? why
 Decline the War ? shall a Morass forbid
 Your easie March ? Advance ; we'll bridge a Way,
 Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t'invite
 A furious Lion to his Folds ! that Boast
 He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
 He soon re-visits *Britanny*, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretch't Retinue girt,
 And pompous Pageantry ; O Hapless Fate,
 If any Arm, but *CHURCHILL's*, had prevail'd !

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false
 Of Cowardice ; the Military Mound
 The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour
 For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
 And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
 Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
 The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
 Collecting all their Might ; for on th' Event
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends
 The Fate of Kingdoms : With less Vehemence

The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 Bold Champion! brandishing his *Norse* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successful prov'd in Field!
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
 Presumptuous comes: Here *CHURCHILL*, not so prompt
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With *EUGENE*'s *German* Force. Now from each Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
 Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow
 Th' ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rour
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
 Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
 Lye clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These
 Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din

Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
 None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
 Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage;
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till **CHURCHILL**, viewing where
 The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed
 Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
 Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
 With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way
 Beneath His Courser; round His Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows
 Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou
 So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnoted. — Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce

The yielding Wing ; in *Gallic* Blood again
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
 With headless Ranks ; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes's* Son,
 For Valour much, and War-like Wiles Renown'd,
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd Him fore
 With tilted Spears :) Unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astoni'd ; straight Their useless Arms
 They quit, and in Their swift Retreat confide,
 Unseemly Yelling ; distant Hills return
 The hideous Noise. What can They do ? or how
 Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword ? or where
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd ? behind with Wrath
 Resistless, th'Eager *English* Champions Press,
 Chastising tardy Flight ; Before them rowls
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep
 Upream of Rivers ; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins ; devote They saw
 Themselves to wretched Doom ; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land ; the Rest discomfited,
 And pusht by *MARLBOROUGH's* avengeful Hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood :
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
 That swell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd
 The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
 Observant of the Great Command. Upbore
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore ;
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th'outrageous Fluent : In this Distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
 Sustain ; yain Love, tho' laudable ! absorpt
 By a fierce Eddy, They together sound

The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide ;
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
 Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream ; Her Tail
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curld invenom'd Train
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
 Into the River whirles ; th' unweeting Prey
 Entwisted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,
 Pierc'd sinking ; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
 The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd
 The straggling *Trojans* : Nor less Eager drove
 Victorious **CHURCHILL** His desponding Foes
 Into the deep Immense, that many a League
 Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
 Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harrast Pow'rs
 From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
 Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
 Sustain'd With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
 The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
 An Host disparted ; when, in Union firm
 Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All

Their

Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd ;
 He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
 Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
 (A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
 Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
 Of Mortal Life, and Drink th' Oblivious Lake.
 Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
 Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
 Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,
 Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
 Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
 O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revoly'd
 ANNA's late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,
 Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
 His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
 Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear
 Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
 Delighted; till, in One, their Curious Eye
 Discerns their great Subduer's Awful Mien,
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet;
 With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and Re-ascend
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
 The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
 Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,

Gives

Gives Signs of Gratulation ; struggling Crouds
 From ev'ry City flow ; with ardent Gaze
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
 Infatiate ; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How *Prussia's* King transported Entertains
 His Mighty Guest ; to Him the Royal Pledge,
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.
 See, with what Joy, Him *LEOPOLD* declares
 His Great Deliverer ; and courts t' accept
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty
 Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns ; Despair, and Fear
 Now first he feels ; his Laurels all at once
 Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
 Distract his Soul ; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp
 Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer :
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
 Torment the *Boian* Prince ? From Native Soil
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
 Of weeping Comfort, and depriv'd the Sight
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land ;
 Deplorable ! but that his Mind averse
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate
 His plighted Faith : Why did he not accept
 Friendly Composure offer'd ? or well weigh,
 With Whom he must Contend ? Encount'ring fierce
 The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim Blood effus'd ; nor did the *Gaul*

The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring sliming Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.

No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms; let ev'ry Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice;
They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip
Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou mayst forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub
Of unobserv'd invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Ceaseless; mean while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,

'Till

'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
 He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects
 Disrelish't; not with less Surprize, then when
 Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry Mead delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
 With Grain incentive stor'd, by suddain Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fiery Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Phæacian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:
 The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
 Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant; if to the Name
 It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
 Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
 Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
 With many a Furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd
 Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
 Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth,
 Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes
 In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd

Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage,
 Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
 Thrice acceptable Bev'rage ! could but Art
 Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
 Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
 Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
 To sit Beneath her leafy Canopy,
 Quaffing rich Liquids : Oh ! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade !

But how with equal Number shall we match
 The *Musk's* surpassing Worth ! that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
 With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts !
 Yet let her to the *Red-break* yield, that once
 Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget :
 Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant ; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The Noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The *Red-break* as supream ; whose pulpos Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindles to loftier Strains ; even I perceive
 Her sacred Virtue. See ! the Numbers flow
 Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,

Hers,

Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
 Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
 All other Fields! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail!
 Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
 And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
 Laughter, and Sport, and Care-beguiling Wit,
 And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
 What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest
 Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
 Traverse th' extreamest World? Why tempt the Rage
 Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
 Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
 Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
 The setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
 For Sov'ranty; *Phænus* self must bow
 To th' *Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt
 T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
 The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
 Will largest Usury repay, alone
 Impow'rd to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?
 The Meadows here, with bar'ning Ooze enrich'd,
 Give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
 The jointed Herbage shoots; th'unfallow'd Glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
 Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
 Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array!
 Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
 Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
 Transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use
 Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
 Apples of Price, and Plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe

Fitting

Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
 So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !
 Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
 To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
 To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
 Chews verd'rous Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields
 Gaily enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In Flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and 'silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th'Eternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd.
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
 Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
 Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
 Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce
 As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Imolus'* Head
 Vie with our Saffron Odours ? Or the Fleece
Batic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
 With *Lemster's* filken Wool ? Where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
 More prodigal of Life ? In ancient Days,
 The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found
 Our Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,
 And *Agincourt*, deep ting'd with Blood, confess
 What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
 Cou'd do in rigid Fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
 Puissant Author of great *Chandois'* Stemm,
 High *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
 Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
 T'his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer !
 That blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self

Fresh blooming in thy Generous Son; whose Lips,
 Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallick* Shore,
 Him hardy *Britons* bless; His faithful Hand
 Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures
 Patient Thy Absence, since Thy Prudent Choice
 Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
 Of universal Knowledge still supplies
 His noble Care; He generous Thoughts instills
 Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
 (Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
 To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
 Thou soon in every Art preeminent
 Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail High-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
 And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
 Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
 With like Examples, and to future Times
 Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
 As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
 Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
 From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
 To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
 From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
 Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet
 Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride

Disjoin'd,

Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O illustrious Prince !
O Thou of ancient Faith ! Exulting, Thee,
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of flighted Worth
In evil Days ? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests ; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feast-rites old : Mean while His Care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine ;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Council sits,
Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of Publick Good ? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
To Old, or Present Time ; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill ? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit ? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first design'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark ; the wounded Plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War : Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes : nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd

Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
 Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
 From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
 To th'honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
 Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
 And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
 That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
 Or Love, or Pity; Friendless let him see
 Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
 Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
 A fair and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
 Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
 A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
 Indelible a grateful Sense remain
 Of Favours undeserv'd!—O Thou! from whom
 Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
 Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
 Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
 With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsafe, when to the Gates of Death
 Itended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
 I now had wander'd; and these empty Thoughts
 Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
 I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day

Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got VVealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
VWill shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments; labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely VVeeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But as a (Child, whose inexperienc'd Age

Nor evil Purpose fears nor knows,) enjoys
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere,
 When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy Day he to his Labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
 Fossils, and Minerals, that embowell'd Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts
 Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
 Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and the wholesome Rules
 Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
 Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate,
 Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
 Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
 Large Subject! that he labour to refine
 Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
 Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
 And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
 And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himself's
 Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
 Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*.
 Poor cyless Pilgrim! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
 Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
 In Foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
 By Fortunes Frown. And had that Other Bard,
 Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song
 With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
 'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found;
 Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,

That

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!
 But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
 Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER. Book II.

O *Harcourt*, Whom th' ingenuous Love of Arts
 Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
 Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
 In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
 Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
 Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what
 Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made
 For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn
 Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
 Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
 With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
 Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
 This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
 Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
 And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
 Return, and let Thy Father's VVorth excite
 Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
 Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
 With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
 Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
 Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.
 Mean while (altho' the *Massie* Grape delights
 Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
 Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends:

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of VVines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed: If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
 VVith tasteless VVater wash thy Droughty Throat!

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or checque; uncertain all his Toil,
 'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 VVith gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew
 Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*:

Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks matten Song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her VVorks
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought ! but ah,
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grief disturb
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement VVinter dwells
 Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
 The blithsome Year : Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time; e'er hasty Suns forbid
 To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
 Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit
 Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
 Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
 Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 Excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 Long e'er the Vintage; but with timely Care
 Shave the Goats shaggy Beard, least thou too late,
 In vain shoud'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 VVhose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
 Such servile Labours, or if forc'd, forgets
 His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with VVork, and Years,
 Shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
 He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 Declining, unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpous Mass, regale their Swine

With

VVith the dry Refuse; thou more wise shalt steep
 Thy Husks in VVater, and again employ
 The pondrous Engine. VVater will imbibe
 The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
 A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
 VVill quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
 They drive and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
 Of sickly Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd
 VVill yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
 Such Profit spring from Musk discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
 By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
 The Prey of VVorms: A frugal Man I knew
 Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
 By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
 His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
 The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
 Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
 'Till the damp *Lybian* VVind, with Tempests arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
 The sightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
 Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
 Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
 A costly Liquor, by improving Time
 Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall always warn
 No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
 With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
 Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance

In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense ;
 Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
 Of strengthening *Vulcan* ; with their native Strength
 Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse ;
 And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
 Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 The Priest's appointed Share ; with cheerful Heart
 The tenth of thy Increase bestow and own
 Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful Duty : This neglected fear
 Signal Avengence, such as over-took
 A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
 The Clergy's Due ; relying on himself,
 His Fields he tended with successless Care,
 Early, and late, when, or unwish't-for Rain
 Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
 Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
 The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable Glebe ; recording this,
 Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
 To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide : The various Moon
 Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
 Each rising Dawn ; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
 The current Stream, the heavenly Orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
 With Light unsully'd : Now the Fowler, warn'd
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
 Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
 Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they strain
 Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed ; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The VVoodcocks early Vifit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
 Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harfh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often fee
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
 Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
 The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
 A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
 With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
 Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
 Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
 O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
 Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
 Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
 His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
 Now will the *Corintbs*, now the *Rasps* supply
 Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
 Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thibetian* Fruit
 Are prest to Wines; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
 Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
 Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
 Medicinal, and short breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil; and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
 Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
 Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams

Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
 Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
 Permit, to range the Pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
 Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
 Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Irene*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad and Viper from her Shore!
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
 Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, Sedulous, and Stout,
 With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blissful Cups
 Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
 Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
 Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
 Beyond *Petora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?

Where ever-during Snows perpetual Shades
 Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
 Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
 A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
 Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
 Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
 They interlard their native Drinks with choice
 Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
 Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
 Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
 Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,

Whom

Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
 Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they cover Shades, and *Thrafcia's* Gales,
 Pining with *Æquinoctial* Heat, unless
 The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
 Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus' World*,
Carybbs, and they, whom the *Cotton Plant*
 With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
 Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
 Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
 The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
 To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
 They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
 Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating Fount. As, when
 Against a secret Cliff, with foddain Shock
 A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
 Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
 No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
 So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
 The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
 When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
 Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
 VVith early-limpid VVine. The horded Store,
 And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
 Kind strengthning Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
 From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
 Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create

A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
 Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,
 With list'd Colours gay, *Or, Azure, Gules,*
 Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
 That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
 Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
 Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
 Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
 Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
 The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
 The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champagne*; with that,
 A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
 Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
 The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
 Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
 With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
 Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
 Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
 Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested Cades:
 The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
 Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
 Præcipient the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
 It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
 On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
 From spritely, it; to sharp, or vappid change.

When to convenient Vigour it attains,
 Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
 Inflect; self-taught, and voluntary flies
 The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
 Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
 Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.

As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
 Dart thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
 With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold:
 So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
 Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
 In Glas thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
 From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.
 For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
 Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
 O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
 Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
 That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red :
 From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
 He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
 Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphære,
 Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
 For every liquid, with his plastick Lungs,
 To human Life subservient ; by his Means
 Cyders in Metal frail improve ; the *Moyle*,
 And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
 Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
 Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
 But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
 Expect : Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
 The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
 Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*
 Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
 Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
 Fallacious Drink ! Ye honest Men beware,
 Nor trust its Smoothness ; The third circling Glas
 Suffices Virtue : But may Hypocrites,
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think,
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
 Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
 And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.
 The Farmer's Toil is done ; his Cades mature,
 Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
 To indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
 To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.

His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
 Come uninvited ; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry ; the well-fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest, resounds.
 Ease, and Content, and undiffembled Love
 Shine in each Face ; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
 When fullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains ; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceeding the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his Home, with un-supplanted Feet.
 E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie Dawn
 Domestic Cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
 From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
 Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
 Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine ;
 His Joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks
 His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
 Courage, and Mirth ; Magnificent in Thought,
 Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
 And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise indite,
 Debarr'd his Grape : The Muses still require
 Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
 Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
 By parching Thirst allur'd : With vehement Suns
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
 Secur'd of fev'rish Heats ! When th' aged Year
 Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters froze,
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns ; now let thy Hearth
 Crackle with juiceless Boughs ; thy lingring Blood
 Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.
 Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
 The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
 To Annual Jollities ; now sportive Youth
 Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
 And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy Swains
 In clear Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
 Mixt with the Buxom Damsels ; hand in hand
 They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
 Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
 Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
 Steal from unwary Lasses ; they with Scorn,
 And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
 Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
 Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
 Provoke to harmless Revels ; these among,
 A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
 That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
 Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
 Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
 'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
 Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
 Of future Harvest : When the *Gnosian* Crown
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
 Exhilerate their languid Minds, within
 The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond, there's naught
 Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
 Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire Computation, forthwith Reason quits
 Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
 And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
 But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
 Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
 And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
 Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
 Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash
 In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say
 Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 To exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress'd,
 Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall
 Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruise'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
 Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 Wrought by Intemperance, joint racking Gout,
 Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float;
 Yet craving Liquid: Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
 Be here repeated; how with Lust, and Wine
 Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
 At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
 The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove

Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
 Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
 Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
 Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
 Our Swords in Native Blood; too oft has Pride,
 And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
 Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
 Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd
 For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
 Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Gravill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
 Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact
 Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O Best of Kings!
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
 By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
 Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
 The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
 Abhorr'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
 Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
 Of Monarchy; but, ah! successful She

However faithful! then was no Regard
 Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once happy Land,
 By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair revolving Years
 Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
 Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
 Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
 The Rage of Kings: Here, nobly She supports
 Justice oppress'd; here, Her victorious Arms,
 Quell the Ambitious: From Her Hand alone
 All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
 Rejoice, O *Albion*! sever'd from the World
 By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without; in One Supreme
 Intirely blest; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond Desire
 Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
 Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public Weal: For now
 Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
 Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
 Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
 With ruinous Assault; on every Plain
 Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
 And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
 By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
 Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain
 Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:
 'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
 Of *Phæbus* Lamp) arose, and into one
 Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
 Pacific Monarch; then Her lovely Head
 Concord rear'd high; and all around diffus'd
 The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new string
 Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
 In uncouth Rhythms, to eccho *Edgar*'s Name.
 Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years

Ran

Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
'Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right with-held,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English*! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited; persu'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Blood
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her
[Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins

New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
 Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
 For Sov'rain Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
 In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd
 The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as led
 By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
 To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
 And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
 Sons against Father tilt the fatal Lance,
 Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
 Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
 Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
 Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
 Barons, and Peasants on th' embottled Field
 Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
 Promiscuously amast: with dismal Groans,
 And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
 Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
 Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
 This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
 Reserv'd for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
 Of *Tuder's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
 Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Fanus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*
 By wise Alliance; from thee *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd

Of Discontent ; Two Nations under One,
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd
 Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
 To fly Conjunction ; neither Fear, nor Hope,
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
 Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
Let there be UNION ; strait with Reverence due
 To Her Command, they willingly unite,
 One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
 Indissolubly firm ; from *Dubris* South,
 To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
 What shall retard the *Britons'* bold Designs,
 Or who sustain their Force ; in Union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
 Of all this Globe ? At this important Act
 The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
 Dreads War from utmost *Thule* ; uncontrol'd
 The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
 Shall wave her double Cross, t'extreamest Climes
 Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus'* Wealth,
 Pearl, and Barbaric Gold ; mean while the Swains
 Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows
 From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
 The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
 Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
 The Natives shall applaud ; while glad the talk
 Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* Wrath
 In other Realms ; where-e'er the *British* spread
 Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
 Wise Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
 Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E
SPLENDID SHILLING:
I N
Imitation of MILTON.

— Sing Heav'nly Muse,
*Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

H Appy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he not hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames.
Chloe or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain:
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,

Exhale

Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size.
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingring spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace a *Dunn*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
 What shou'd I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admit'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forbode; in his Right hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from Righteous Men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm

Should

Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charm
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft which insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd Web

The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell ; the Humming Prey
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail

Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk

Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingring spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace a *Dunn*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
 What shou'd I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forbode; in his Right hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from Righteous Men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect fullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm

Should

Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, freight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charm
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft which insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd Web

The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell ; the Humming Prey
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail
 Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk

Of lovely friends delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind ; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree :
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy Eyes repose :
 But if a Slumber haply do's invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.
 Awake, I find the settled Thirst——

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor tast the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the Downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay ;
 Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
 My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue !)
 A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide discontinuous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* dangerous Rocks
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,

The crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless overwhelming ; Horrors seize
 The Marriners, Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they plump, they swear, they pray :
 Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

T O A
 L A D Y :
 W I T H
Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEE here how bright the First-born Virgin shone !
 And how the first Fond Lover was undone !
 Such powerful Words our Charming Mother spoke,
 As *Milton's* are, and such as *Yours* her Look.
Your's the best Copy of the Original Face,
 Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.
 Your Charms no Author can escape but he ;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

A

S O N G.

I.

WHat ! put off with One Denial ?
 And not make a Second Tryal ?
 You might see my Eyes consenting,
 All about me was relenting :
 Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
 Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

II.

Lovers, when you Sigh and Languish ;
 When you tell us of your Anguish ;
 To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
 When those Sorrows you are reasing :
 We love to try how far Men dare,
 And never with the Foe should spare.

A
S O N G.

By Mr. Check.

BRight *Cyrbia's* Power, divinely Great ;
 What Heart is not Obeying ?
 A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her Eyes are playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
 For she alone dispences
 Such Sweets as best can entertain
 The Gust of all the Sences.

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings ;
 Her Breath gives balmy Blisses :
 I hear an Angel when she Sings,
 And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Four Sences thus she Feasts with Joy,
 From Nature's chiefest Treasure :
 Let me the other Sence employ,
 And I shall dye with Pleasure.

A Ca-

**A Catalogue of Poems, Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in
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